

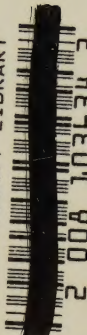
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POEMS
of LIFE

POEMS *of* LIFE

By GEORGE TAYLOR BAILEY, M.D.

FORMERLY CAPT., C.A.M.C.

MEMBER CANADIAN AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION

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WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER,
LIMITED - - TORONTO

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By Dr. George T. Bailey, Walkerville, Ont.

Printed in Canada

TO
MY PARENTS
WHO ALWAYS HAVE BEEN SO GOOD TO ME, AND
WHOM I HOPE MAY LIVE TO BE CENTENARIANS;

TO
SIR OLIVER LODGE,
WHOSE KEEN INTELLECT AND LARGE HEART ARE
SANCTIFIED BY CHRISTIANITY, FOR HIS COURTESIES TO ME;

AND
TO THE MEMORY OF
HON. MRS. HENRY (CECILIA) EDWARDES,
DECEASED, FEB. 16, 1924, WHOSE LATE HUSBAND WAS
DIPLOMATIST AT PARIS, WASHINGTON AND ROME
UP TO TIME OF HIS DEATH,
AND WHOSE CHRISTIAN KINDNESS AND VIRTUES HAVE
ENRICHED MY LIFE—A "MOTHER" FAR FROM HOME,
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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PRELUDE

Go little book, and speed thee well
Into some heart with living flame ;
May thoughts expressed thy story tell,
And may no reader give thee blame.

Far better let my hand be still,
Than do some lonely soul some harm ;
I only hope that thou wilt fill
Some aching heart with loving charm.

My only aim is for some good,
To Humans on the land and sea,
To fill them with a gentle flood
Of love, affection, purity :

To bless the day that each was born,
For good he in the world may do ;
For none was meant to be forlorn,
And brother be to brother true.

And when at last I get the call,
To lay my weary burdens down,
When o'er my form's the funeral pall,
And I have gone to claim my crown ;

May not it then be said of me,
"He wrote to injure friend or foe,
"But that he wished a friend to be,
"To one and all his kindness show."

And men who read thee well should know,
That after thou art long in dust,
They still will live free from all woe,
Because in Christ they put their trust.

TIME

(Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8).

THERE'S a time to laugh, a time to cry,
A time of birth and a time to die;
To be sad a time and also glad,
Leave out the time you would spend as bad.

There's a time to mourn, a time to dance;
We all belong to the Heavenly Branch;
There's a time of war, a time of peace,
A time when all our troubles will cease.

There's time to get, a time to lose,
A time to keep and a time to choose;
There's a time to love but not to hate,
Except the sins of the inward state.

There's a time to heal, no time to kill,
But thoughts impure which our minds do fill;
And a time to build, but not destroy;
Pure thoughts and deeds all our time employ.

There's a time to sew the rent made bare,
A time our brother's burdens to share;
To embrace a time the pure and good,
And wash our sins all in Jesus' blood.

There's a time to plant the golden seed;
No time to envy the rich man's greed;
Of silence a time and one to speak,
A time for God above all to seek.

TWO FRIENDS

Two men there were who loved a friend,
And wished to treat him true;
They claimed to love him to the end,
And, oh! such friends are few.

One friend had all that wealth could buy,
His "brother," he had none;
With silver sought he now to try
To satisfy this one.

A gift of bronze from other friend,
Though silver he could give;
Silver nor bronze did neither send,
Nor gold to help him live.

Had gold been given by either one,
No poorer would he be;
But richer far, for cost was none;
True friendship all would see.

'Twas not for coins, 'twas not for bills,
For which this "brother" craved;
But greater than the highest hills,
Though of pure metal made.

He knew the gift was in their power,
And yet refused was he;
On him their blessings would not shower;
Now friends no more they be.

I'LL SOON BE FREE

(An elderly gentleman dreamed one night that his maiden sister was plucking flowers in a garden, and repeating the first two lines of this poem. In a few days her spirit took its flight to realms of light.)

I'LL soon be free, I'll soon be free,
I'll go where daisies bloom for me,
And join the angels as they sing,
Their praises to their Heavenly King.

No more on me the breezes blow,
No more of sorrow shall I know;
My spirit soon will take its flight,
To dwell in regions of delight.

My many friends who went before,
Are free from sorrow evermore,
For years they've waited for me there,
Prepared to meet in mansions fair.

But still I leave some friends behind,
Who always to me have been kind;
They will not lose their due reward,
Who trusted in our loving Lord.

In years to come they'll follow me,
As one by one they cross the Sea;
And I shall wait at Pearly Gate,
To welcome them to kingly state.

The circle, always broken here,
Where Death is cause of many a tear,
Will be complete in realms above,
Where reigns Eternal Life and Love.

THE THREE BIRTHS

I SAW a sweet baby come into the light,
With cry loud and piercing at dead of the night;
The mother delighted as clasped to her breast,
This innocent mite lay in warmth and in rest.

Best man at a wedding where happiness reigned,
I envied the bridegroom the bride he had gained,
For love is a charmer that sweetens all life:
The best of all treasures is beautiful wife.

I sat by the bed of a good dying man,
Whose life was a model since his life began;
When Earth had receded then Heaven appeared,
His face was illumined as glory he neared.

"You're busy today," was salute from a friend;
"Three births in one day is enough to attend."
"I thought you were present at wedding and death;
"At birth life is given, but death takes the breath."

By wedding a lady is born to new life;
At death man is finished with all earthly strife;
To new World he's born if he proves his true worth,
And thus with the others he has a new birth.

MAY 11, 1923.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Just a line to greet you
Of friendship old to tell;
For friends are few, but friends are true,
So ring the Christmas bell.

* * * *

See the star that leads them onward
To the Manger right below;
As their camels bring them forward
To their King whom they would know.

Dec. 14, 1923.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT are you doing my brother,
To win precious souls today?
Are you not helping another,
Sin's burdens to cast away?

Hear ye the call of the Master,
Will ye not come now to me?
Sound forth the tidings of mercy,
Jesus now offers so free.

Smooth seems the path of the sinner,
The end is darkness and gloom.
Speak now a word for the Saviour,
And save from Eternal doom.

How is it with you my sister?
Are you prepared for the call,
Trusting your dear Elder Brother,
Jesus, the Saviour of all?

THE ELDERLY MAN

AN elderly man that was feeble and white,
Was walking alone on a very dark night;
The boys and the girls and the women and men
Were laughing, conversing, while passing him then.

He thought of the days of the long, long ago,
When he was as happy, his footsteps not slow,
Of sweetheart and bride who had walked at his side,
Of youth and affection, of beauty and pride;

Of hopes in his breast, of the love in his heart,
Of music in soul just before they did part,
Of joy in the Spring when all life was so light,
Of verdure and gladness of youth at its height.

He lived once again in the days that are past,
When fountain of youth seemed forever to last,
When sweet voice of Helen with melody rolled,
To tell the sweet tale which so many have told.

He dreams that he sits at his warm fireside,
In health and in comfort, in wife to confide;
With love as their counsel and life as their friend,
They hoped that their happiness never would end.

But sickness, disaster, come into their home,
For Helen soon died and since then he did roam;
Alone in the world he with no one to care,
With no one to pity, his troubles to share.

I called at the morgue when I saw on a slab
Remains of this man in a room that was drab;
No hope in this life but of heaven quite sure,
He meets her again where their love is still pure.

KING AND EMPIRE

God bless our Empire ever dear,
The land we love so well;
May harm or hurt come never near
Our homes in which we dwell.

For king and queen, O Lord we pray,
Thou wilt with tender care,
Protect their lives from day to day,
And Thy rich blessings share.

May they with honor, truth and peace
Continue in Thy love;
And when their work on Earth shall cease,
Give them a Home above. .

ON DEATH OF FRIEND'S SISTER,
DEVOTED BROTHER HAD
FATAL DISEASE AND
SUFFERED GREATLY

COME down, yes come down the bright golden stairs,
 lend me a helping hand,
And carry me up on wings of true love to happy,
 blessèd land ;
The region of rest, the isle of the blest from thence
 no more to roam,
The Earth forsaken, soon may I waken in my Eternal
 Home.

Through fields of pleasure, joy without measure, to-
 gether we will stroll,
No more then to grieve nor sighs still to heave, nor
 hear the death-bells toll ;
The storms of Winter will there not hinder the joys
 untold above,
There is a Season, one only Season of Everlasting
 Love.

MY CREED

It was for Love Christ died for me,
And hung on that accursèd tree ;
He suffered there for me and thee,
And perished, Lamb of Calvary.

[17]

His might is great, supreme His power ;
A thousand years are as an hour ;
All knowledge He the fountain-head ;
He giveth life to all the Dead.

His majesty beyond concept,
With His life-blood He paid our debt ;
His glory vast, none can express ;
To Him we bow, our sins confess.

This world is as a grain of sand
Compared with all made without hand ;
The planets, sun, stars, nebulae,
God spake the word, all came to be.

Worlds without number from His store
Revolve through space till Time's no more ;
The Universe is but a span,
His greatest work is perfect Man.

Great all His attributes do prove,
His greatest far is Holy Love ;
Ecstatic glory was His home,
He left on Earth alone to roam.

Omnipotent, omniscient Lord,
We praise Thee and revere Thy Word ;
For Love it was Christ died for me,
And shed His blood on Calvary.

He burst the seal of Tomb and Death,
And conquered Hell with His own breath ;
The Risen Lord our King shall be ;
With Him we'll reign Eternally.

YOUR CHOICE

WERE you given your choice of the prospects three;
Of a palace with servants but heart quite free,
Of a beautiful home with a lovely wife,
Or of wife with children and a cottage life;

Which you think of the three would you take as choice,
Were you given your wish just by raising voice?
I believe your reply would be loving wife,
With the care of children and their friendly strife.

With a kiss and a smile on a female face,
With the looks of true love and womanly grace,
With the bright tossing curls, and with eyes so blue,
I believe you would say is the life for you.

LONELINESS

I AM lonely, so lonely, oh! how the word burns,
In the heart of my soul as so fondly it yearns,
For the sweetest of smiles on a beautiful face,
And the tenderest touch of a feminine grace!

FORGET NOT THE AGED

THE steamers are whistling to welcome new boats;
What din and commotion pour out from all throats!
Old boat in commission before we were born;
No siren for it, of all honors is shorn.

She battled the ice for full many a year;
She kept on her schedule with never a fear;
Not crippled is she, but she's not up to date,
And so she must pass, though she seldom was late.

Of old I was thinking instead of the new,
Of loads she had carried, of service so true.
I wished as I heard then the whistles so strong,
A salute they would sound as a fare-thee-well song.

Our mothers and fathers so well-up in years,
We think them old-fashioned, the gentle old dears;
We call them old fogies who live in the past,
We think as a people we have them out-classed.

They worked and they toiled for our happy young
days;

They gave us good living, we gave them no praise;
A good education and life to enjoy,
Our minds to improve and our talents employ.

We owe to them both all the brains we possess;
We gave them no thanks for our care and our dress;
From earliest youth they have given their love;
Their words and their actions let children approve.

A cheer I would give for the feeble and old,
A hand-shake, a smile, and a tear for pure gold;
A blessing from God on each silvery head;
May comforts and joys on their old age be shed.

For when they shall pass to the beautiful shore,
When friends they have known shall here know them
no more,

Their children will bless them for what they were
worth,
And honor the day of their leaving this Earth.

The parents will watch from the wonderful strand,
For love is a quality wondrously grand;
No time and no space will its limits confine,
The best of all virtues, God's holiest shrine.

THE BACHELOR GIRL

ONE day while passing down the street amidst the
maidens fair,
My eyes caught sight of one erect, a girl with golden
hair;
Her chiselled features, sparkling eyes, her graceful,
lightsome tread,
Her youth and intellect were such that many would
her wed.

The days passed on, the weeks rolled by, the months
and years have sped,
And still she is a graceful girl, and still erect her head;
Some thirty years have passed away since by her trun-
dle bed
Her mother sang a lullaby, and still she is unwed.

But one by one the crowfeet come, upon her face ap-
pear
The lines around her nose and lips, and yet she does
not fear;

For age creeps on you unawares, in others you can
see,
But not in self, though others see, strange is this
mystery.

Small wrinkles in her neck appear and deeper in her
face,
Some golden strands have disappeared and gray now
take their place;
But still her voice is firm and clear, her laugh is
merry still,
Her step is light, her eye is bright, and firmer still her
will.

Her sisters all are married now, her cousins, too, have
gone,
And settled down in loving homes with men to lean
upon;
Their interests are in their homes and in their husbands,
too;
They love her still and treat her well, but friends are
all too few.

The years pass by and changes come, her parents pass
away,
There is no one to greet her now at home, which once
was gay;
Another generation comes with laughter and with glee;
They heed her not but dance and play, and sing quite
merrily.

Her many friends have all been wed, almost alone she
seems,
And many ev'ning hours she spends quite lonely in her
dreams,
Her dreams of former days and friends, she sits in
reverie,
And wonders why she did not wed but let her chances
flee.

No longer golden is her hair, it is not fluffy now,
But white and thin, and brittle, too, quite wrinkled is
her brow;
More wrinkles are upon her face and deeper those that
were;
Her bloom of youth has disappeared, age crept in
unaware.

Her eye has lost its lustre now and is no longer bright;
Arcus senilis takes its place and dim becomes her
sight;
Her step is now no longer firm, her hearing is not
good;
Her life has been a blessing, though,—this Girl of
Bach'lorhood.

Her many friends have passed beyond where sorrow
is no more;
They're waiting for her in that Land upon a lovely
shore;

As one by one they passed away, surrounded by their
kin,
Their pillows smoothed, their brows becooled, they
felt their love within.

She missed this love of husband, wife, and strangers'
faces sees;
Upon a bed of pain she lies in death's last agonies;
No loving hand to cool her brow, no friend to close
her eyes;
No broken-hearted kin to weep as from this Earth
she flies.

In fancy I pass down the street amidst the maidens
fair;
In vain I look for one erect—the girl with golden
hair;
But on a door the crêpe I see, she's joined her friends
above,
With glory, honor, truth and peace, and Everlasting
Love.

MOTHER

THE sweetest name on land and sea,
That makes all hearts a-flutter;
I think with me you will agree,
It is the name of Mother.

She cares for us when we are ill,
She loves the same when we are well,
Her duties always does fulfil,
And saves us from the gambling hell.

Her life a sacrifice she makes,
For father, sister, brother;
The best she gives to us, and takes
The least for self, does Mother.

FAITHFULNESS

WHERE will you find true faithfulness, the best upon
this Earth?

In man or woman, boy or girl? They all may prove
their worth;

But some are true and some are false,—have been
since life began;

And some will show you what they are, but some will
hide their plan.

The friends of whom you think the most sometimes
will fail you, too,

While those whom you have quite forgot may prove
to you most true;

When sun is shining all are friends; when dark clouds
hide your view

With sky o'ercast, you'll find your friends are very,
very few.

But such true friends, though very few, are worth
their weight in gold;
Such has been true in modern days, it was in days of
old,
For men die not without a friend to mourn their late
decease;
They may be men of war and blood, they may be men
of peace.

Our Saviour Lord gave the command, "Be faithful
unto death;"
He followed his injunction grand unto His latest
breath:
Apostles followed in His steps to show their faith
sincere,
And many others since their time have held their faith
quite dear.

The monster Nero, when he died, was not without a
friend,
Though Senate had, as enemy, proclaimed his life
should end;
For with a dagger in his breast, they let his body burn,
And flowers from some unknown hands were strewn
upon his urn.

There is a source of faithfulness which seldom ever
fails;
It may be in the city home or on the lonely trails;

In mansion fair or hovel low, wherever he is found,
You'll find him always faithful still in all the world
around.

See baby in his carriage with his canine friend close-
by,
And if you have the courage now, to steal the baby,
try;
You'll find the dog will watch you, and will fight
you with a will,
And though no one is watching him, his duty will
fulfil.

The body of his master lying stiff upon the road,
Or in the lonely cabin where he made his last abode,
Is watched by canine servant who submits to hunger
test;
He'll not allow a foe of his disturb his final rest.

You may with house afire sleep, he will you wake in
time;
He'll risk his life and die for you in any land or
clime;
You may be prince or peasant but to him it's just the
same,
And any time your life's at stake he'll save you from
the flame.

He'll make his home upon your grave in Winter and
in Spring,
In sunshine, snow and storm and wind, will leave for
not a thing;

He'll leave when he is hungry but return at once
again,
Until the years and elements will find him with the
slain.

God knew the fickleness of man and so He made his
friend,
To show him love and faithfulness unto the very end ;
So let us all this lesson learn and to our friends be true,
To God and Truth and Righteousness,—then lives
we shall not rue.

To love and purity be true, be faithful, clean and wise ;
Let noble thoughts your mind contain and light shine
through your eyes ;
Then Faithfulness will be your name when sun sets in
the West,
And you will then great honor gain, and earn Eternal
Rest.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

MAY Christmas blessings crown your head,
And many joys around you shed ;
For Christ was born in Bethlehem ;
Let all rejoice and worship Him.

The shepherds kept their flocks by night,
When 'round them shone a heavenly light ;
The angel told of Him who lay
Upon a bed of straw and hay.

“Good tidings of great joy I bring,”
These were the words they heard him sing;
“The Saviour Christ is born today,
“So haste to see Him while you may.”

A legion of the heavenly throng
Joined with him in this newest song;
And God with one accord they praised;
Their sweetest anthems to him raised.

“Good will toward men, on earth be peace.”
Thus ran their song till song did cease;
“The highest praise to God be given;”
The angels then re-entered heaven.

The Eastern Star the wise men led
To manger dark where oxen fed;
The spices rich they brought to Him,
Then went their way while light was dim.

They worshipped Him with hearts sincere,
For Christ the King of Earth was here;
And Herod, quaking on his throne,
Prepared to make the mothers groan.

The mother, Joseph, Child, take flight,
And into Egypt flee by night;
For Herod's wrath had greater grown,
Because His birth-place was unknown.

All children under two years old,
According to the time they told,
Were slain by Herod, monster vile,
But still he missed the Holy Child.

For King of Heaven, King of Earth,
Must not be slain at Saviour's birth;
He came to end the war and strife;
He came to give men light and life.

Another year has passed away,
Since Herod heard of that great Day;
He lies among the lowly dead;
He can't replace the blood he shed.

From Egypt comes again the Child,
With Joseph and His mother mild;
They dwell in parts called Galilean;
He shall be called a Nazarene.

As Christmas comes around each year,
We celebrate with joy and cheer
His birth, the greatest of them all,
Since man transgressed by Adam's Fall.

Religion brought by lowly birth,
Agnostics failed to wipe from Earth.
This Holy Child in hearts doth reign,
And shall until Christ comes again.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

(I was inspired by a sermon I heard to write the following poem, completing half of it in an hour after arrival home.)

THE poor man was pierced by arrow
That was crimson, stained with sin;
With a criticism narrow
I condemned him deep within.

He was crushed by his temptations,
And he fell beneath the load;
Environment and relations
Made of sin his chief abode.

At his wickedness I wondered;
I with righteousness was filled;
But for friendly touch he hungered,
And with loneliness was chilled.

With a strong will God had blessed me,
With a weak one he was cursed;
With a grand hope Christ caressed me,
Disappointed—he the worst.

As he walked the broad, wide pathway
He with good intentions paved,
He had longed for narrow stairway
I was climbing undismayed.

For the heart of lowest sinner
Has at times a noble thought,
And he longs to be a winner,
And for purity has sought.

He has tried, but fallen deeper
Into slough of deep despair;
If he could he would rise higher,
To a height beyond compare.

But the gentle Saviour touched him,
With a pity most Divine;
And the many sins that crushed him
God forgot, as yours and mine.

Now he climbs the golden stairway
That is leading to the Throne,
And his feet along life's pathway
Are as light as are my own.

In the golden City yonder,
When I pass the Pearly Gate,
At its beauty I shall wonder,
And shall bless my earthly fate.

I shall hear the angels singing
With a melody divine;
I shall hear their gold harps ringing
With a harmony sublime.

I may look away beneath me
For this man of many sins;
I may find him far transcend me
In the glory that he wins.

For on Earth he told his story,
Of the sinful life he led,
Many others led to glory,
For whom Jesus' blood was shed.

And because his life was sinful,
He converted, worked the more,
Filled his life with good deeds brimful,
Till he reached the golden shore.

EASTER MESSAGE

BEHOLD the Lord in anguish prays amidst the flowers
and trees!

While James and John and Peter sleep in dark
Gethsemane:

And every friend with craven fear, forth from His
presence flees,

When Judas and the motley host make devils shout
with glee.

The Prince of Darkness had control in this sad hour
of woe;

For He who healed the maimed and sick, and gave
the blind their sight,

Is prisoner of hate and scorn; the priests and scribes
now show

The power of hypocrisy against the Prince of Light.

Though Pilate found no fault in Him he sent Him
to be scourged;

A crown of thorns the soldiers made and placed
upon His head;

They clothed Him in a purple robe, these Romans still
unpurged,

And thus with hollow mockery, to Pilate Him they
led.

"Behold the Man!" were Pilate's words, as to the
priests he spoke;

"Him crucify, away with him," were answers he
received;

From High Priest down to lowest Jew their souls had
not awoke;

He did not come as they had hoped, and thus they
disbelieved.

"Behold your King!" then heard the Jews with anger
and disdain;

The miracles the Saviour wrought were now for-
gotten quite;

"Away with him, away with him," they answered
once again,

For Jesus was too good for them, too humble, pure
and white.

Golgotha called Him with His Cross to hang upon a
tree,

To wash away their sins and mine, to die for you
and me;

With thieves on either side of Him, one thief is now
set free,

For paradise is his abode this day of Calvary.

"Save now thyself, if thou be Christ the chosen Son
of God,"

Thus sneered the rulers, soldiers, Jews, no friend to
say a word;

His mother, Mary Magdalene and other women
sobbed,

As by the Cross they stood and looked, these cruel
words they heard:

To John, beloved disciple there, the greatest honor
paid;

“Thy mother see, behold thy son!” from Saviour,
Prince and King:
“Forgive them Father,” on the Cross for enemies he
prayed,
And with a last and parting cry His Spirit took its
wing.

His side is pierced by Roman spear, forthwith pour
water, blood;
No bone of Him is broken, though, the Scriptures
to fulfil;
From hands and feet, from brow and side flows down
the crimson flood,
His life upon the Cross He gave to do His Father’s
will.
Eclipse of sun did not take place, dark pall o’erspread
the land;
The Temple veil was rent in two, the rocks were
rent in twain;
The earth did quake, the open graves showed God’s
Almighty hand;
Christ suffered, bled, and died for us to break
Death’s mighty chain.

A tomb was hewn from solid rock where Christ the
Saviour lay;
A stone of great and mighty size was rolled to door
of tomb;
The tomb was sealed, a watch was set to guard it night
and day,

So friends His body might not steal and take from
narrow room.
The earth did quake, an angel came and rolled the
stone away,—
His face was like the lightning, and his raiment
white as snow;
For fear of him the keepers shook, seemed dead upon
the clay;
For Christ had conquered Death and Hell, He gave
them fatal blow.

“He is not here,” the angel said, to Mary Magdalene,
But risen He, as He hath said. Come see where
Christ hath lain:

“Go quickly his disciples tell the glory you have seen;
“He goeth into Galilee; will there make Himself
plain.”

She turned around and Jesus saw, but still she knew
Him not,

Until her name He gently speaks, with accents soft
they ring:

“Rabboni!” then escapes her lips with joy Himself
had bought.

O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is
thy sting?

The Roman Empire ruled the world but did not rule
the tomb;

The Roman Seal was snapped in twain by Heaven’s
great decree;

The men who cried "away with him," with fate had
sealed their doom,
Jerusalem was overthrown. He rose for you and
me,
To give Eternal life and joy to all from sins set free;
Ascends He up above the skies to give Eternal
Home,
To all who take their Cross for Him, Eternity will see
In regions of a blest abode, and will no longer roam.

THE AGNOSTIC

"WHAT proof have you there is a God?"

Agnostic said to me;

"Man ends his life when 'neath the sod,

"No future life there be.

"You say man lives beyond the grave,

"Yet proof you cannot give;

"No claims but proof is what I crave,

"On Earth alone men live.

"The sparkling eye, the smile, the tear,

"Are seen on human face;

"Beyond the grave there is no cheer,

"Of future life no trace.

"In Spring you see the lovely rose

"Perfume surrounding air;

"The early frosts of Fall disclose

"The petals gone, stem bare.

"No weary traveller returned
"To life from his long rest;
"From none of these have any learned
"That any good are blessed."

"But come with me to dying bed,
"And see this man of clay;
"Tell him that he will soon be dead,
"And after night no day."

"Last night I saw my darling wife,
"Who died ten years ago;
"I with her have Eternal Life,
"And soon to her will go."

"Who gives you this Eternal Life?"
Agnostic then replied;
"My God, who ends this earthly strife,
"My Lord, for me who died."

"He raves," Agnostic said to me,
"With weakness and disease;"
For deaf are fools and cannot see,
They sail unfaithful seas.

"Who made this Earth?" was my reply,
"And keeps her in her course?"
"Who makes the Sun through space to fly?"
"Who made the Universe?"

"For all these things there is Great Cause,
"That cause is not a God;
"They follow fundamental laws;
"There is no God to laud."

He was a stranger in this land ;
To him all things were new ;
He saw the buildings high and grand,
Streets, boulevards, not few.

"A lovely city you have here ;
"Please tell how it began."
"It's known to all upon this sphere,
"It was not built by man.

"It was result of the Great Cause,
"That cause by no means man ;
"It followed fundamental laws,
"But did not have a plan.

"This city of a million souls,
"With all things that you see ;
"Its management, which none controls,
"By chance it came to be.

"The miles of buildings on the street,
"Not built by human hand,
"Among themselves agreed to meet,
"To make a city grand."

"Such nonsense !" then he made reply,
"You must take me for fool !"
"My argument as true," said I,
"I follow but your rule.

"There's no design in Universe,
"You would have me believe ;
"Designer none, conclusion terse,
"Thus all would you deceive.

"The only true time we have got
"Is taken from this Earth;
"Rotation period varies not
"Since at the Saviour's birth.

"One year exactly is the same
"As when fair Eden bloomed;
"And thus your argument is lame,
"Deductions false assumed."

On coin of realm, "In God we trust,"
We hope this to maintain;
All other men we must distrust,
Who flout our Saviour's name.

THE "ANGELIC" LADY

I MET an old lady as sweet as could be,
Her beautiful figure was pleasant to see;
Her musical voice, the kind light in her eyes,
Made one think an angel came down from the skies.

Her manner was charming, and golden her hair,
And though nearly sev'nty few gray streaks were
there;

So cool and collected, her voice never raised
Above even tenor of her whom I praised.

Her children were many and nearly all wed,
But one or two bachelors and two or three dead;
One daughter there was bore the maiden name, too;
They each had good husbands and children I knew.

I went to the wedding of one of her girls;
My friend, the new bridegroom, stole one of her
pearls;

A stranger I was in that wonderful throng,
Enjoyed I the music, enjoyed I the song.

No longer a stranger, I felt right at home;
None better received was there 'neath the blue dome;
They made my acquaintance from first to the last,
I remember distinctly, though years now have passed.

The ladies as well as the men came to me,
They told me their names then, reserved though some
be;

My friend was the spokesman of qualities good,
For water is thinner but thicker the blood.

Their many relations were staying all night,
They pressed me to stay, too, till morning was bright;
I hoped that the friendship that started that day,
Would strengthen and ripen as years passed away.

Of all the fair guests that did speak to me there,
Was one who was backward, intelligent, fair;
My heart was not touched, and my brain was not
turned,
Though later I found her a lady quite learned.

Friend said she was brilliant, as bright as could be,
None better would suit me of all he could see;
Invited again to this beautiful place,
I met her again and beheld her sweet face.

We did not converse on such frivolous things,
As movies and actors, and girls without wings;
Our talk was substantial and deeper you know,
Befitting such minds as the quartet I trow.

My arm in her arm, I escorted her home,
We chatted quite friendly, in walk thru the gloam;
I thought her a charm and she thought me the same,
But please do not ask me to tell you her name.

The life she had lived was as pure as the snow;
Her brain was quite active, her footsteps not slow;
My life as compared with this beautiful maid
Was equal, untarnished, no sins had I paid.

A visit again to these friends I did pay;
I met the young lady at home the next day;
She gave to her father a letter to send,
As door I did enter of this lady friend.

The bachelor son of this elderly dame,
Returns to the roof of the family name;
They hope that their friendship will ripen to love,
Acquaintance from childhood affection will prove.

They visit the lady, who lives very near;
They speak of the days that are past but still dear;
They tell her of Arnold "who made such success;"
They praise all his virtues, no faults to confess.

They grew up together, and thus are old friends;
They visit each other, for time only tends

To strengthen the friendships of years that have
passed;
The friendships of childhood are friendships that last.

I met the old lady again and again,
Her voice was as sweet and her manner as plain;
She mentioned the name of the young lady friend;
She did not acclaim her, nor her did defend.

"She was at my place but a few nights ago,
"You met this young lady, and her you must know,
"You know she is poor," with a curl of her lip;
With words more sarcastic she let her tongue slip.

"Her stipend is small as compared with the rest,"
She said of the one who so late was her guest;
"While Gertrude and Annie get very much more,
"But one month has passed since the ermine they
wore."

"She says she is going to Germany soon;
"I know not the reason, she knows not a tune;
"She claims she has knowledge of highest degree;
"I know with her statement I do not agree."

"So musical you are," she then said to me,
"Have fine education as any can see;
"Don't marry a girl without tune in her head;
"Regret not the days since that you will be wed."

Resentful I felt at this utter deceit,
I said not a word, though, that she could repeat;
I knew when the maiden again met her view,
No kind word for me, but sarcastic not few.

The young lady's sister I knew fairly well,
A very nice person, as true as a bell;
She did not escape from the elderly tongue,
By false innuendo her character wrung.

I challenged the statement as one without cause;
I did not believe that she broke any laws;
She answered quite sweetly it might not be true,
She heard but a rumor and all rumors grew.

She did not invite me again to her place,
This elderly dame of the "angelic" race;
She wished not the maiden to meet me again,
And thus her dear object she hoped to attain.

Though Gertrude and Annie she knew very well,
And others as brilliant that she would not tell;
Yet none of these ladies would she have me meet,
No chance would she give me these ladies to greet.

She knew that my aims were as high as could be,
I loved education, and beauty to see;
That mental acuteness, ability, too,
Were traits that I treasured in ladies quite true.

The qualities good that I did not possess,
I asked of no lady, I'm free to confess;
In life and in conduct, in mental degree,
My equal I'm sure is the lady for me.

I live now in comfort, in luxury too,
I have not a brother nor sisters a few;
Of books I have many, of music sublime
My cabinet's full, I can spare not the time.

I look not for money,—I do look for brains,
For sweet disposition and life without stains,
For love and for beauty, a maid I can praise,
Enchanting and lovely, and quite winning ways.

For I am so lonely ;—the thing I most miss
Is Earth's greatest treasure, and heavenly bliss,
The best of God's creatures, the one to adore,
The hope of a husband his spirit to soar.

NOTE:—The above was personal experience of a friend.

THE TULAMEEN

ONE bright day in October I arrived in Tulameen,
The beautiful surroundings were the best that I had
seen ;
The waters of the river that were tossing, tumbling so,
As lashing, churning, roaring, over many rocks did
flow.

The narrow lake, the valley that was park-like, lay
between,
The Douglas fir, the pine-tree, and the grass that still
was green ;
The mountains wild, majestic, that surrounding all
below,
Like sentinels against the sky reflect the sunset glow.

From Otter Lake the stream flows down to meet the
Tulameen;
Prospector's cabin up above is seen both neat and
clean;
The railway turning at this point runs North instead
of West;
The meadows, woods and cottages a picture gives of
rest.

I knock upon the cabin door, a welcome then receive,
Two bachelors are now my hosts and they my grips
relieve;
Delighted with my company, their faces wreathed in
smiles,
Though I have travelled many days I'm paid for all
the miles.

A few days' stay and then we go and leave the
Tulameen;
We travel up the mountain trail and see a diff'rent
scene;
The ponies loaded with their packs, sure-footed as can
be,
Without a bridle, halter, line, they lead the way for
me.

We climb the mountain pathway with the valley deep
below,
And wind around the jutting cliffs as higher still we
go;

Some hundred feet beneath our feet the river winds
its way,
Some thousand feet above our heads the mountains
kiss the day.

On either side the river-bed the mountains rear their
heads,
And form a canyon beautiful as in and out it threads;
While here and there the waterfalls come rushing
down their sides,
Reflect the sun in sparkling spray;—peace in my
heart abides.

My foot at times hangs o'er the cliff as ponies pick
their way,
But soon we reach a mountain grove before the close
of day;
And Roanie, loaded with his pack, is lagging some
behind;
He needs no line, he needs no whip, he hurries up we
find.

At length our journey at an end, the ponies get their
feed;
The packs are taken from their backs and from their
burdens freed;
The cabin near the river bank is on the other side;
A single log is called a bridge,—the river is not wide.

They wonder how the tenderfoot will ever get across;
A sharp bend in the river here, the waters foam and
toss;

They each descend the rocky cliff, I follow in their
train;

They cross the log, I do the same,—their worry was
in vain.

Prospector Cook, outside the door, is ready to depart;
They urge him to remain with them and not this day
to start;

He heeds their call and welcomes us, another day to
stay;

A heavy pack upon his back, the morrow takes his
way.

No lullaby at night we need to put us fast asleep;
We do not dream nor lie awake, our sleep is much
too deep;

The murmurs of the waters in enchanted cadence flow;
They soothe our feelings, calm our fears, and dissipate
our woe.

The Northern Cross looks down upon a very peaceful
scene;

I cannot help but think of Him whose blood has made
us clean;

The lazy smoke is curling up to meet the bright moon-
light;

The cabin in the shadow lies because of mountains'
height.

The next day Cook departs for home with pack upon
his back;
Some sixty years since he was born, yet strength he
does not lack;
We watch him climb the mountain steep two thousand
feet or more;
He walks with sure and steady tread, with all his
earthly store.

We go to see the prospect then upon the mountain side;
The trees were felled by heavy strokes, and down the
slope did slide;
A slash was made to river bank, the underbrush cut
low,
For nothing must be in the way to stop the water-flow.

For many days the rains descend and rush down
mountain slope;
The penstock up above is filled—prospectors now have
hope;
Some thirty feet of earth is laid above the rich bed-
rock;
The waters rush down with a roar as they the gate
unlock.

A gully deep they make in sand, in gravel and in clay;
The gravel, sand and stones rush down, and bring
more on their way;
They hoped this flood in rushing down would save
them months of toil;
The clay holds fast between the roots and thus their
efforts foil.

I climb eight hundred feet next day above umbrageous
dale,
A sharp bend in the river see, the cabin in the vale;
The sun is shining over dale, o'er cabin, river, too;
The shadows slowly cover all,—it is a wondrous view.

The shadows creep up mountain side, above the sun
shines bright;
It kisses all the mountain peaks, and floods them with
its light;
The highest peaks, eight thousand feet, are dazzling
white with snow;
A vista beautiful behold with valleys deep below.

Delightful scenes I soon must leave and take my
journey home;
I'm settled down in comfort now and do no longer
roam;
But still my thoughts revert again to lovely Tulameen,
And in my dreams I see once more the places I have
been.

Again I see prospector Cook ascend the mountain
steep,
The moonlight and the shadows see, prospectors fast
asleep,
The river at right-angle bend, its music hear once
more;
I hear them tell of by-gone days, the miner's magic
lore.

The valleys deep, the snow-capped peaks that sparkle
in the sun,

The darkness creep o'er dale and hill to tell the day is
done,

The stars quite bright, shed forth their light down on
a peaceful scene,

The Eastern sky, refulgent lie, light up the evergreen.

Three months pass by, prospector Cook for home is on
his way;

A precipice on mountain trail he crosses one cold day;

Four miles from camp, near Eagle Creek, comes slid-
ing down the snow;

With stones and trees, he, caught with these, receives
his fatal blow.

His mangled form comes hurtling down right to the
river brink;

Of Life's strong chain, Death snaps in twain the
strongest living link;

No wife had he, no child, no friend to care what
happened him,

No priest nor minister to pray, or sing a requiem.

He injured not a living soul, his honest debts he paid;
For many years he sought for gold, but little money
made;

His comforts few, no company to share his humble
fare;

Hard was his lot, by none was sought, his cupboard
often bare.

Yet Cook was one of many such whose lives are just
the same;
They work and toil, year in year out, and still they
play the game;
The lure of gold their minds take hold till age creeps
on apace;
This will o' wisp still leads them on until they run
life's race.

The peace and silence, bracing air, the beauty of the
scene,
A fascination holds for them, reward they hope to
glean;
Each ledge quite new and prospect, too, they hope
will bring them gold,
And thus their lives are squandered there, they can't
let go their hold.

But let me draw the curtain now and hide the
Tulameen;
I hear the voice of God resound and see the Final
Scene;
The Dead are rising from their graves to meet the
Lord in air;
Among the millions that I see, behold! George Cook
is there.

November 4, 1922.

THE LIFE AND AGES OF MAN

A DOCTOR on a woman called in travail and in pain;
A day and night she suffered thus, sweat-beads are
on her face;

The pains grow worse with greater force, intensity
they gain;

A child is born with lusty cry, a son now takes his
place:

They wash him clean and oil him well, they clean out
both his eyes;

Enwrapped in flannel and in wool, is placed in
mother's arms;

He sleeps in peace, as to her breast in comfort warm
he lies;

She smiles upon this human mite, a babe in all his
charms.

He sleeps by day, he sleeps by night, to get his nurse
awakes,

For heat and sleep and nutriment make healthy
babies grow;

A mother's love bestowed on him unthankfully he
takes;

He is too young to have his joys, too young to
have a woe;

But as a tender household plant he's nurtured with
great care,

For she would sooner die herself than lose this
baby sweet;

She watches him with loving eyes, this prize and
treasure rare;

His very helplessness appeals, this babe so clean and
neat.

The months pass by, the baby grows, the teeth come
one by one;

He smiles and coos, kicks out his feet, and waves
his arms in air;

He crawls and creeps, gets on his feet before the year
is done;

He laughs and plays with chubby toes, this babe
with flaxen hair.

Your gold and diamonds don't compare with in-
nocence so sweet,

With ruby lips and rosy cheeks, with bright and
dancing eyes,

With pearly teeth and soft pink skin, with chubby
hands and feet:

Of all the babes his parents know, they think none
is so wise.

He soon begins to run around, to sit in his high-chair,
To show his temper now and then should he not
have his way;

When things go wrong to mother dear he brings his
childish care,

And in her arms he falls asleep when tired with his
play:

His childish voice sounds sweet and clear, as he, in
happy glee,

Tells dolls and toys what he will do when he be-
comes a man ;

His papa seems so big to him, he wishes soon to be
As strong and tall, as fine a man, how wonderful his
plan !

Around the sun the Earth has gone to mark another
year ;

A sister now the boy has got, a mite with large
brown eyes ;

Attention that was his alone is shared with sister dear ;

Their mother sings a lullaby as in her arms she lies.

Soon fast asleep, this pretty babe is resting in repose ;

With gentle step the brother comes to look on her
and smile ;

And love has entered now his heart, for her affection
shows ;

Two children in this happy home in which there is
no guile.

But brother now is tired, too, and wants to go to bed,
So to his mother's side he steals, and kneels to say
his prayers :

"And now I lay me down to sleep," with hands raised
to his head ;

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep," his mother's
words he shares ;

"If I should die before I wake," he says in sleepy tones;

"I pray the Lord my soul to take," these words with nodding head;

"For mamma, daddy, sister babe, I pray," he scarcely moans;

The child is almost fast asleep before last words are said.

The sun has circled through the sky and circled once again,

And Nellie now is just the age that Willie was before;

But Willie soon will start to school some learning to attain;

While Nellie waits for him each eve to have some fun once more.

Her soft-brown eyes, her raven locks that frame a snow-white brow,

Her slender nose, her graceful pose, her classic face and chin,

Her forehead high, her clean-cut lips, her lashes long show now

The beauty of this little girl, intelligence within.

Quick at his books and bright to learn is Willie, mother's pride,

And Nellie's waiting for the time when she may start to school;

The time flies fast, and, with her books, she walks at
Willie's side;

And when at home she does home work while seated
on her stool,

Then starts to play with Willie dear, till sleepy, tired,
too;

(For work was done before their play, such was
their mother's plan;)

She says her prayers at mother's knee as Willie used
to do;

The good-night kiss, climbs in her crib,—Morpheus
takes her hand.

The Seasons come, the Seasons go, the years go flying
by;

Each day, each week, each month and year at school
they miss no time;

With pride and joy from Public School he passes to
the High;

His parents look upon him now as almost in his
prime.

But Nellie has to wait a year before she joins him
there;

To school alone she has to go, until the time will
come

When to the High she graduates with honors very
rare;

For brilliant has she been at school and perfect
every sum.

On Sunday they with parents go to Church and Sun-
day School,
For Christian training they receive since at their
mother's knee :
The parents taught them to obey the good old Golden
Rule,
To worship God, to worship Christ, let Him their
Saviour be ;
And they, themselves, examples showed by gentle lives
and pure,
By wholesome reading, praise divine, by Bible
study, too,
How beautiful a home may be avoiding Satan's lure ;
For they who follow him must pay, and great their
errors rue.

Vacation comes around again, they to the country go ;
They see the cattle, hogs and sheep, watch lambs in
gambol play ;
The air so fresh, the change of scene, give cheeks a
ruddy glow ;
With sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks they hail the
sun's first ray.
The loudly crowing morning cock, and cackling of the
hens
Is music to their city ears,—they run and romp and
play ;
They bathe their feet in running brooks, they revel in
the glens ;
They climb the hills, descend the dales, rejoicing in
the day.

The next year Nellie at the High is company for Will;
They plunge in study with delight, for both are
smart and bright;

They hope before the year is done their parents' hopes
fulfil.

To master Latin, German, French, they work with
all their might;

With Euclid, Science, Algebra, with History and
Greek;

With English, Art and Botany, they wrestle with
a will;

They know to learn they have to work, great learning
do they seek,

Their memories and bodies train, they give their
brains a drill.

A few years thus of steady work, High School comes
to a close;

They both with honors graduate, diplomas both re-
ceive;

Matriculation, Leaving, too, were courses each one
chose;

They graduate together thus, and school together
leave:

For smart and bright as Willie was,—Nellie was
brighter still,

And proud their parents were that day to see them
get reward;

Their years of study, years of toil, they worked with
might and will,
And now with knowledge valuable their minds are
fully stored.

The more we learn the less we know, this is the verdict
true ;

For knowledge gained shows more to learn, more
knowledge to attain.

When in the valley, mountains low seem just to touch
the blue ;

But when you climb the lowest peaks, see higher
peaks to gain :

So higher still the mountains rise as higher still you
go :

At each new height more wonderful, more varied is
the scene,

Till highest peak of all you reach, look down on all
below :

The view sublime from glist'ning peak to stream and
valley green.

A lower peak our friends have reached, but aim for
greater height ;

They see some beauty in the hills of learning yet to
find ;

They know in knowledge there is power, in science
there is light,

And so the aim of both has been to cultivate the
mind ;

And though vacation comes again, free from all
mental care,

They do not put their books away as many others
do,

But studies they have learned before, review this bril-
liant pair;

Their learning has not been a loss, nor they their
efforts rue.

With Fall, to University we see this couple go;

Well-trained their souls, well-trained their minds,
their studies they begin;

And deeper into studies old their minds in channels
flow;

Prepared are they to work and toil, and still their
studies win.

They plunge into their Aeneid, Eclogues and Cicero,
Georgics, Horace, Agricola, Pliny and Caesar, too;

Demosthenes and Pericles, Sophocles and Plato,
Aristophanes, Euripides, are subjects but a few.

Greek and Roman History and Psychology, I trow,
Included in their training were and many subjects
more;

Success attended them just now, as well before I
know;

They gloried in accomplishments, and in their brains
did store

The knowledge they did daily glean, as well as learned
before.

The more they learned the keener grew their intellect and brain,
And wider grew their culture, too, and deeper still
they bore
Into the depths of Science, true, they would great
knowledge gain.

And thus at University they spend a few more years;
Well pleased are they for time well-spent e'er since
their childhood days;
They slacken not their studies as their graduation
nears;
From parents and professors they will soon receive
due praise.
They both gain first-class honors in their studies, first
and last;
Procession forms in ermine gowns, and parchments
they receive;
Congratulations all around for studies they have
passed;
Anxieties their parents had their minds they now
relieve.

But William, now a full-grown man, to College goes
again;
He needs a good profession now his studies to
fulfill;

So Medicine and Surgery he tackles with his brain,
And, as with studies that are past, he works with
royal will.

Anatomy, Pathology and also Chemistry,
He delved into these subjects deep, and Physiology;
His aim in life was to excel in everything he tried;
In sports, in play and studies, too, he took a manly
pride.

A few more years he studies thus, and then gets his
degree,
With sister Nellie at his side and parents with him
too;
So proud are they of brother Will as they diploma
see.

A full-fledged doctor now he is, but still full well
he knew
His days of study are not o'er if he would win success ;
His time no longer is his own, but at the public's
call ;
At dead of night, as well as day, his time they now
possess ;
His aim is now to heal the sick, keep 'way the
funeral pall.

Not idle Nellie all this time, her talents she would
prove ;
With painting she is now concerned, ability does
show ;

As she with paints and brushes works, for art she
shows her love ;

With touches here and touches there, with life does
canvas glow :

No play is this but study deep to show the art sublime,
The lights and shades, the grassy glades, the cot-
tages and streams ;

The sunset glow o'er bush and field shows Nature in
her prime ;

Her canvas shows the artist's skill with scenes of
beauty teems.

Her life as pure as morning dew, her beauty rich and
rare,

Her graceful form, her rosy cheeks, her teeth so
even, white,

Her snow-white brow, her dark brown eyes, her
glossy, jet-black hair,

Her ruby lips, her smile so sweet, intelligence so
bright ;

Artistic hands and polished nails, her feet so trim and
neat,

Her hat cerise, her dress of pink cut in the latest
style ;

Our Nellie is a charming girl whom all would like to
meet ;

A girl quite true and fit for Prince, a lady without
guile.

So time goes on, Will heals the sick, and snatches from
the grave;

No money pays him for his skill as he works night
and day;

His knowledge, skill and energy, he gives for all to
save,

Reward is his in saving lives and Death's raised
hand to stay.

So happy are the parents now their children reached
their goal,

And gained success in all their work almost since
life began;

While each in talent, lives sincere, did beautify the
soul,

Fulfilled in every way their hopes, completed every
plan.

Seek for the men who gained success, and tell me what
you find;

"A thorn in flesh" you surely see, or heaven they
have found;

The pure and good oft suffer most, the men of better
mind,

Misfortune falls upon the man Dame Fortune lately
crowned.

And so our friends have gained success, and with it
happiness;

They hope each day to do some good and leave
good names behind;

[65]

To please their parents, serve their friends, and banish
selfishness,
Not give offence to God or man and never be un-
kind.

Our Nellie takes down suddenly with illness quite
severe ;

Too nervous is her brother now to prove his former
skill ;

To operate the only choice, his heart is filled with fear,
Best surgeons that he can obtain for love work with
a will.

With operation over soon the sister is quite weak ;
Three anxious friends watch night and day to see
the turn of tide ;

They surgeons' faces scan each day, from them good
news they seek ;

No sacrifice for them too great should she with
them abide.

For days her life hangs by a thread, for days their
prayers ascend ;

Improvement noted in a week they hope her life to
save ;

But with a rise in fever, pulse, hope's almost at an
end,

For complications have set in, her illness now is
grave.

The surgeons do their very best, her brother, parents
pray;

A jewel priceless in their eyes, this lovely maiden
pure;

But quickly life is ebbing out, Death's hand they cannot stay,

With ceasing pulse and fleeting breath, of Heaven
she is sure.

With burdened hearts and flowing tears, they take her
to her tomb;

Her life of promise, talent rare, is cut down in its
prime;

This home of peace and happiness is now a place of
gloom,

This rose of maidenhood is killed by early frost of
Time.

Back to his work the brother goes with loneliness
intense;

With grim determination plans disease to battle
more;

He knows now how the people feel when patients pass
from hence,

A sworn, relentless enemy, when Death knocks at
the door.

Will met at University some ladies bright and fair,

Who knew his life was pure and clean, and brilliant
was his mind;

To some belonged the golden locks, to others jet black
hair,

While some had eyes of azure hue, in others brown
enshrined.

Of all these ladies none so good as Ellen, richly
crowned

With talent, figure, goodly looks, and disposition
fine;

With blooming cheeks and dark-brown eyes, his model
he has found;

To take the place of Nellie now, he said; "She shall
be mine."

And still the time glides swiftly by, grey hairs do now
appear;

In loving home he now resides with Ellen at his
side;

A son is playing in the room, a baby gives them cheer,
His little daughter calls to mind his sister who had
died.

He visions once again the scene of many years ago,
When Nellie was a little babe as their dear babe
they view;

For as she grows her features form, she has that brow
of snow,

The same brown eyes, the raven locks, the soul as
pure as dew.

Soon to the school does Robert go, as father used to
do,

The same ability does show, the same keen brain
and vim;

And as her aunt in former days, our Mary soon will
woo

The studies that her brother takes, and try to equal
him.

The Public School and later High, this boy and girl
do pass,

Until diplomas they receive, the highest in their
class;

More quickly seems old Father Time to drain his
hour-glass,

For even years seem now like months to youthful
man and lass.

The parents live their lives again in daughter and in
son,

In fancy to the College go their studies to pursue;
Perplexities they help them with till all their work is
done;

They wish their children to excel, and to their name
be true.

Physician now our Robert is, in much the same degree
As father, who is proud of him, and hopes to see
him rise

To greater heights than he has reached, much fame
would father see

His son attain, and in his line obtain the highest
prize.

The ermine soon our Mary wears as she gets her
degree;

The scene's enacted o'er again of thirty years ago;
With College and with music, she from studies ne'er
was free,

Success she made in both of them, was talented I
know.

The beauty of her mother, aunt, and of her father,
too,

Are concentrated in this maid, who with good
health does glow;

Her disposition is so sweet, her soul so good and true,
The man who gets this maid for wife full happiness
will know.

She marries, as all maids should do, her learning is not
lost;

A bride should bring to husband true what groom
brings to his wife;

On sea of matrimony then, their barque would not
be tossed,

A home of peace and happiness would grace her all
her life.

And as their parents lived in peace because their
equals found,

She longed to have a home like theirs, where love
could have full sway;

She did her best to grace her home, to make her love
abound,

Repaid was she in love returned as warm as sun's
bright ray.

Fair children enter this bright home to live her life
again;

The love from parents she received on them she
now bestows;

To Schools and Colleges they go much learning to
attain;

Along the pathway she was led to them the way she
shows.

And Robert takes to him a wife, one beautiful and
fair;

She blesses him with children three, intelligent and
good;

To wife and children all, he shows his kind and loving
care;

So long good training has obtained it flows in all
their blood.

We never should forget the aged, we owe so much to
them;

In childhood and in early youth they were our guide
and stay;

The great grand-parents were the source of children,
each a gem;

With joy and pride they saw all rise till life's sun-
setting ray.

At ripe old age they close life's page, to dwell in realms
divine;

With blessings sent, and lives well-spent, a heritage
they leave;

Their children all had heard life's call, and all hewed
to the line;

They grieve for them and honor them for blessings
they receive.

The years pass by, and William's hair has changed
from brown to white;

His shoulders stooped, his trembling hand proclaim
declining years;

His hearing hard, his feeble knees, his ever failing
sight,

Disclose to wife and children dear that dissolution
nears.

Surrounded by his loving wife, by friends and chil-
dren dear;

And welcomed by his relatives who wait on yonder
shore,

He is not left to die alone with none to shed a tear;

His life of usefulness is done, and Earth knows
him no more.

Small education you may have, to fortune stranger be,
But still with life well-ordered, pure, a blessing be
to all;

With noble wife and children blessed, though not from
care set free,

You have a duty to perform, from God receive a
call.

When from your shop or factory wife meets you
with a kiss,
And little Bess with flaxen curls climbs up on
daddy's knee;
When Charlie smiles with bright blue eyes, you feel
your home is bliss,
And all your troubles vanish soon to see their child-
ish glee.

The noblest, purest, truest thing upon this planet's
face
Is love, found in a humble home or in a mansion
fair;
He may not have Apollo's form, his wife Diana's
grace,
But still the brightness of the home will banish every
care.
Steal not the time that God has given, but use it
wisely, well,
Improve your mind and you will find results will
amply pay;
In city brown, village or town, let life ring true as
bell;
When earthly strife ends with your life, God bless
your dying day.

The lives above, so full of love, their story is complete;
They lived and died, like swelling tide, a model for
each home;

Each year and day they felt life's sway, with industry
replete,
(Like ev'rything, Time takes its wing,) from duty
did not roam.
So heed this call to one and all, if you success would
see;
The way you go your children show, their lives
depend on you;
Your aims be high, and they will try from errors to
be free;
Home of the blest will be your rest, if you to God
be true.

April 21, 1923.

FAREWELL TO IRELAND

I ONCE was a youth within Ireland's bounds;
My horses were fast and my servants were good;
I spent much of time in the chase with the hounds;
Companions I had of the true royal blood.

A new country came to my sight long ago,
With suites and with retinues over the Sea;
My parents, my brothers and sisters I know,
Came out to the land of the fair and the free.

A homestead we made in the midst of the bush;
Our maids still would jump at the Captain's com-
mand;

No more do we hear now the song of the thrush;
We missed the green beauty of Emerald Land.

A longing I had to return once again,
To leap the green hedges, the ditches to clear,
To fly over valleys and hillocks and plain
On beautiful steed that had known not a fear;

To hear in the mornings the bugle's clear call,
To rouse us to life in pursuit of the hare,
To laugh when the rider would stumble and fall,
To be at the killing when caught in his lair.

A horse that was old and too slow for the chase,
Was hitched to the plough on the beautiful place;
But when distant call of the bugle could trace,
He leaped over hedge to be first in the race.

A little black mare that had won much renown,
By winning all races in which she was placed,
Was fouled by a jockey who let her fall down
When clearing a ditch,—by the people was chased.

But only in studies my pleasure I find,
For joys of the past now forever have gone,
And when we set sail we had left all behind,
Then looked for the shores of another new dawn.

New scenes and new friends in this very new land,
So different from old and not nearly as warm;
But still it is home,—we shall do as we planned,
Shall hope for the best and may find them a charm.

For life is a journey quite varied and strange;

The place we call home is the place where we roam;
Our years are filled up with conditions that change,
Till lastly we meet in our Heavenly Home.

May 10, 1923.

POMPEII

ALONG the streets of Pompeii I looked to left and
right;

Adown the ages of the past her glory reached my
sight;

Her oil and wine where rich did dine, their thermal
baths and rest;

Their chariots by slaves were drawn, their homes the
very best.

The circus games were in full sway, the lions starved
for days,

And gladiators were in trim to please the Roman ways.
From mountain peak, volcanic ash with water steam-
ing loud,

Hot stones and lava hurtling down, for all soon made
a shroud.

May 7, 1925.

HUMAN OR DIVINE?

WAS Christ Divine or only man?

The answer we should know.

Did God not have Eternal Plan

For sinful man below?

A human father had our Lord?

Was He of Virgin birth?

Do we believe that Jesus soared

To realms beyond this Earth?

Or did He go to narrow room

To wither and decay?

Did He ne'er come from out the tomb

To give Eternal Day?

Was it for crimes that He had done

To God His Father cried?

Or for salvation we have won

Christ suffered, bled and died?

Such is the doctrine that we hear

From men whom God hath blessed;

They take from us the Christmas cheer,

Give to the world unrest.

For if the preaching that we hear

Is true and blessed by God,

There is no life beyond this sphere,

Our Bible is a fraud.

Then why a modernist should preach,

With text from Holy Writ,

A plan the Bible does not teach,
To me does not seem fit.

A mystery in Virgin Birth?
Why! yes, I know its true;
Explain to me what you are worth,
Are you not mystery, too?

Has man no sins to wash away?
Can he be perfect, too?
I know no man to perfect stay;
To me must Christ be true.

A hope of future life is real
To all who worship Him;
His resurrection made men feel
That Life was full to brim.

The Christ of Peter, John and Paul
Is just the Christ I need
And may I hear His every call,
In God He is our need.

GREETINGS TO COUSIN

FORGET not Babe who died for you,
And for your darling daughter, too;
Teach her to live a life most true,
For with His blood He brought her through.

No life complete without His birth;
None finished right without His death;
Ascended He to Heaven from Earth,
That He might give Eternal Breath.

Dec. 14, 1923.

TRAINING A HUSBAND

A BEAUTIFUL lady, intelligent, wise,
With raven black locks and with lovely brown eyes,
On balcony high she was reading a book,
Saw man in the field who was crossing a brook.

Fine face he beheld with sweet grace in her pose,
Her snowy-white neck and her classical nose,
Her tall, graceful figure, her lily-white hand;
To meet this fair lady he thought and he planned.

At social he met her, surpassingly fair,
With beauty enhanced, without sign of a care;
With arts and his graces he tried her to please,
Her interest, favor, endeavored to seize.

Each time he did meet her more beautiful seemed,
Her tastes claimed his fancy, and always he dreamed
To make her his wife, should he fortunate be,
He longed for the time of this heaven to see.

She grants him her favor and him does she wed,
Along life's smooth pathway together they tread.
A treasure he has in this beautiful wife,
She lessens the trials and cares of his life.

Her training of husband she puts now in force,
From planning she framed there is now no recourse;
He walks in the path she had laid out for him,
Encouraged his efforts when hope was quite dim.

He came from a trip when his home was quite bright,
From garret to basement was flooded with light;
No door did he open,—received he a kiss.
Such life I am sure must be heavenly bliss.

With hand-painted china the table all set
And loaded with viands, such things his eye met
A soft easy chair in a room nice and warm,
Whatever the weather he's safe from the storm.

No tale of her husband the neighbours do bear,
They know her true nature so they would not dare;
No tale of his wife to her husband they bring;
Fidelity, truth, with sincerity ring.

She dresses in style and she keeps herself neat,
Takes pride in appearance for all friends to meet;
She makes of her husband a lover and king,
At duties and pleasures with heart does she sing.

He says that his wife should be queen of their home,
With her he is happy, so why should he roam;
Of training a husband she made a success,
Quite glad he had married would husband confess.

NOTE:—The above poem is a story of true life.

May 26, 1923.

THE TRAIL TO HEAVEN

THE Land with no need of sunshine,
The Land that's without a fear;
The Land where there's joy unconfined,
The Land where there's always cheer.

The Land of the vast Eternal,
No time its limits confine;
The Land of the joys supernal;
This Land is for me and mine.

The light of this lovely City
Shines brighter than noon-tide day;
In it is no need of pity;
We reach it the narrow way.

The trail that was blazed up yonder,
Began at Gethsemane;
It led both with blood and torture
To hard cruel Calvary.

Though rough was the road and rugged,
It led straight to Heaven's Gate.
The whole way our Lord hath blazed it,
He did not demur or wait.

He sits on His Throne of Glory,
Will there be the Judge of all;
His servants may tell the story,
To save us from Adam's fall.

PRESIDENT HARDING

(Composed on the day of Mr. Harding's funeral.)

A TREASURED friend has passed away whom we have
sadly missed;
He was a friend to young and gray, this one whom
Fortune kissed;
His office high did but restrain his pride and his
conceit;
As President he was a man whom all would like to
meet.

The child quite lame was at his bier, she said he kissed
her, too;
The flower from his buttonhole came from this man
so true.
'Twas not for self his Country served, but for the
good of all,
And so for him his Nation grieves because of Warren's
fall.

With Lincoln and with Washington must rank this
prince of men,
For when he heard his Country call did not desert it
then;
A soldier in the war for peace, he died as he had lived;
A martyr in the cause of Right is reason people
grieved.

The brotherhood of Man his theme, in practice quite
sincere,
No wonder he was loved by all while living on this
Sphere.
His Grand Commander's law was Love, whose reign
he said was peace,
And now he dwells with Him above since life on
Earth did cease.

"The highest glory to their God the great archangels
sang,
"Good will toward men, on Earth be peace through
all the ages rang;"
Such were the thoughts quite uppermost in mind
serene and pure,
For though high office he did fill, of Heaven he was
sure.

"You rise to heights when good you see in other men
you meet;"
God's purpose in His plan he saw in men upon the
street.
Of idols none had Harding loved, to him was Christ
supreme,
For ere he died to Warren came a bright and heavenly
beam.

For charity and brother love, for justice, mercy sweet,
Were Christian virtues that he prized to make his life
complete;

So while his Country mourns for him, the World his
head bows down,
He sings the praises of his Lord, from Him receives a
crown.

GREETINGS TO A FRIEND

OF all my friends upon this Sphere
None are more true than you;
So take this with your Christmas cheer;
May I to you be true.

MY VALENTINE

FOR all the blessings that I know
For health and strength and beauty's glow,
For love of friends and grace divine,
I wish for thee my Valentine.

Dec. 25, 1923.

THE BEST IN MAN

SEE the best that is in Nature,
See the best that is in Man;
For, when God looked into future,
He determined on His plan.

And He knew before He made him
All his evil thoughts and good ;
Yet for nothing else would trade him,
But proclaimed His Fatherhood.

God is Master of Creation,
And He made Man last of all,
Gave to him the highest station,
And to purity did call.

And, though many men have failed Him,
In the plan for them God made,
Yet of others millions prayed Him,
To be free of sins Christ paid.

BEAUTY OF HOME LIFE

IN many windows I have looked, have seen bright
lights within,
The homeliness, the cheerfulness of families without
sin ;
Have seen the babe in mother's arms, the children
playing round,
The father laughing with his boys where only joy is
found ;

Have seen the laughing blue-eyed child with curls
about her face,
Her arms about her daddy's neck,—here heaven finds
a place.

The mother smiles as in this home pure love does reign
supreme;
Most lovely sight that I have seen, none better in a
dream.

In Upper Broadway I have marched when it was light
as day,
The jewelled windows I have seen, have walked the
broad White Way;
But none of these have tempted me, in none of these
I see
A scene so sweet and beautiful as girl on daddy's knee.

Cathedrals I have visited in England and in France,
Their ancient beauties thrilled my soul—my heart for
beauty pants;
The beautiful stained windows and the carvings don't
compare
With scenes of joy I saw in homes that children,
parents share.

For weeks in galleries of Art my eyes have feasted
long
On paintings that were most superb, that told of war
and song;
Most lovely painting that I saw was one exceeding
fair,
With deep blue eyes and fair young face in frame of
golden hair.

I've gazed on statues wonderful, of beauty, full of
grace,
Until mine eyes have fairly ached, transfixed was I
to place;
But none of these were quite so fine as breathing
forms of life,
Who lisp their prayers at mother's knee, man blessed
with such a wife.

A guest was I in palaces where beauty reigned
supreme,
Some million pounds were spent on them to brighten
as sunbeam:
The libraries inlaid with pearl, mahogany the doors,
With marble in the walls of them, and marble made
the floors;

With fresco paintings on the walls, the ceilings blue
as sky,
The lesser light to rule the night with stars encircling
by,
The marble stair-case eight feet wide, clock-tower
o'erlooking all,
The panelled rooms in pink and rose, pipe-organ in
the hall.

I listened to the organ peal, as through the halls there
rolled
A melody and harmony that purer seemed than gold,

Till angels seemed to hover near, as if they touched
their strings,
And music brought down to this Earth upon ethereal
wings.

The smiling pools, the gardens sunk, the statues 'neath
the trees,
The river winding through estate that rippled in the
breeze,
The fallow deer, the spotted fawn, would from our
presence flee,
The hedges cut so neat and trim, such scenes mine
eyes did see.

No childish form across my sight, no laughter greets
my ear,
No romping boys and girls from school, no ringing,
youthful cheer:
And thus the finest scenes of all came not within my
view,
The sweetest music to my ear was just as lacking, too.

But in a cottage far away I see the grandest sight,
A scene for which this world was made, a home all
filled with light;
The wife is standing at the door to welcome spouse
come home;
He never has been far away, for he did never roam.

His hands are far from lily-white, but calloused they
with toil,
His face not fair but full of grime, a nobleman of soil;
His children run to meet him then ere comes he
through the gate;
They know the time he's due for home, for he is never
late.

The table is all set for him, the house is clean and
warm,
Though hard through day he has to work, he finds
his home a charm;
For roses are above the door and roses in the chairs;
These human roses are the ones which banish all his
cares.

So give to me a modest house or give a palace fair,
In either one I'll have a home if only Love is there;
The grace and beauty of a wife, the laughter of a
child,
Who keeps me young and innocent,—has not my
heart beguiled.

* * *

Not for good that I have done
Do I now come to Thee,
But for cleansing in Thy blood,
Thou Lamb of Calvary.

THE HON. MRS. HENRY (CECILIA)
EDWARDES.

(who was one of the finest women it was my privilege to meet,
died in Knightsbridge, London, England, Feb. 16, 1924.)

TEN years have passed since War began with agony
and pain,
When all the World was plunged in gloom because of
sin's dark stain.
The nations fought in sea and air, on battlefields of
blood,
While men were fodder for the guns, and crimson was
the flood.

The cannon roared and fast the shells came whizzing
through the air,
And holes as large as ponds were made by bombs ex-
ploding there;
The air was filled with smoke and flame that made a
lurid glare,
As Death was stalking through the fields to claim the
Reaper's share.

The trenches deep and shallow, too, were shelter for
the men,
Who there lived lives in mud and cold no better than
a pen,
While all around the air was thick with bursting shells
and flame;
Millions returned with loss of limbs, and millions
Death did claim.

The nervous strain, intense for all, was greatest on
the men,
Who had at times to have a rest, to Britain come
again;
And homes were open for them all to give their minds
a rest,
To entertain them while on leave, to put in life some
zest.

In homes and palaces I saw the gay and merry crowd,
The dancing girls in joyous whirls, the rhythmic music
loud;
The hours spent in merriment with partners young and
fair
Were solace to the men from home, and banished all
their care.

In Knightsbridge was a home I loved with "welcome"
at the door,
Here soldiers had a lovely time,—for all good things
in store;
They came and went, on pleasure bent, and still they
came again,
In Summer's breeze and Winter's snows, in sunshine
and in rain.

In arm-chair sat an invalid, a lady full of grace,
Who smiled through all her pains and fears, with sun-
shine in her face.

She could not raise a hand or foot, so crippled was
each bone,

In happiness of others found a pleasure all her own.

She gave to each, she gave to all her patriotic love,
And all her friends, acquaintances, saw virtues from
above.

A warmer heart I never met, a "mother" far from
home,

Who cared for me and cherished me as if I were her
own.

And when the Armistice was signed, when home re-
turned the men,

Fond recollections treasured they of freedom from
their "den,"

Her smiling face did not forget, her loving sympathy;
Her kindness and her interest she gave to them and
me.

The years have passed since Freedom rose from such
a sudden fall,

When bayonets sheathed and Peace was wreathed
from Mars his deathly call.

But still this friend was just the same, still "welcome"
at the door,

Whene'er I went to London town would blessings on
me pour.

True Friendship is a lovely thing which money cannot
buy,

It reaches to the lowest depths, it reaches to the sky;

It makes the hardest scenes of all an avenue of grace,
It tempers pain, gives fortitude, to all the human race.

Her life well spent upon this Earth, her thoughts in
Home above,
In kind and loving deeds she told what meant a
Saviour's love;
Her Christian fortitude and peace in spite of painful
frame
Caused not a murmur from her lips,—she trusted in
His name.

God knew her wish and snapped the chains that bound
her to this Earth,
Gave freedom she had never known because of her
true worth.
She walks the golden streets above and sings the songs
divine,
The glory that she has possessed may yet be yours
and mine.

Dec. 30, 1924.

*On first intimation of Mrs. Edwardes' death, I
wrote this quatrain:*

Her weary body laid to rest,
Her soul is now set free;
She lives with the Eternal Blest
Through all Eternity.

May 21, 1924.

MIRACLES

IN the science of astronomy is wonderment I know,
With its vast celestial bodies that must through dark
 spaces go;
And I stand in awe and wonder as I contemplate the
 plan,
That could make these billion orbs of light—beyond
 the grasp of Man.

I was wont to think this Earth of ours the greatest of
 them all,
But I early learned my great mistake, then found it
 very small;
For the stars that seem as points of light are larger
 than our sun,
And for ages they've been flying, but their race is not
 yet done.

Many stars not seen by naked eye by telescope are
 seen,
Lovely flowers of the heavens, in white, yellow, orange,
 red, green;
With the nebulae so far away, the Milky Way so vast,
They give only chance presented for to see things of
 the past.

From the acorns grow the mighty oaks, the grain
 grows from the seed,
With the fruits and flowers, herbs and greens, and
 everything we need.

All the beasts that roam the distant hills and flocks
in near-by fields,
To the will of man all subject are—such power now
he wields.

All the million years that have elapsed since life on
Earth began,
With the fishes, reptiles, plants and birds,—how wonderful the plan!
And the animals that then appeared,—were followed
last by man;
All reveal designs of magnitude through all the ages
ran.

In the light that shines around us and the heat we
have at home,
In the jewelled rays of rainbow which we see where
e'er we roam,
In the chlorophyll of verdure, in the structure of the
snow,
Are surprises that will greet you if their secrets you
would know.

In the minute drop of water which contains its world
of life,
In the struggle for existence and its never-ending
strife,
In the germs on roots of clover which produce great
harvest yield,
There is beauty, there is wonder, and designing plan
revealed.

In the lightning that would blind you and the thunders as they roll,
In the fly* that lights upon you and the ants upon the knoll,
In the music of the songster which enjoys the vernal breeze;
At their mysteries you'll wonder, they your intellect will please.

In the plumage of the pheasant, in the cunning of the fox,
In the forces of all Nature, in the structure of the rocks,
In the complicated atom, in the vastness of the sun,
You have learned things that astound you if their knowledge you have won.

See the colors of the nightjar, of cameleon, curlew,
Very similar to foliage, to stony beach we knew;
In the harmonizing blues and greens of bittern in his nest,
With his beak erect among the reeds, shows attitude the best;

NOTES:— *In fly (house) there are about 4,000 microscopical eyes, each having a facet, corneal lens, crystalline cone, sensitive rod and percipient retinule.

Some think the ant is next to man in intelligence, exceeding all other animal life. Ants have pets which do no work, gardens wherein to grow food, cows (aphides), which they milk. They have slaves and a standing army which form in military array.

In the fire-fly and glow-worm which produce a path
of light,
In the camouflaging rabbit in his Winter coat of white,
In the courting of the Bowers† in their cabin, on their
lawn;
Such is fascinating Nature which our minds must
dwell upon.

There are leucocytes and phagocytes which always are
at war
With the germs within our bodies, who would have
a feast in store:
They get ready for the battle and surround the deadly
foe;
Naught but mystery to guide them as they strike their
fatal blow.

As the spider holds her silk cocoon towards brightness
of the sun,
With her head below at edge of nest, you wonder why
it's done.
See the fly-trap of the Venus' plant is waiting for its
prey;
When an insect lights upon its leaf, it will the insect
slay.

†Newton's bower-bird builds cabin at foot of tree. "In front is a bed of verdant moss, bedecked with blossoms and berries of brightest color—regularly renewed as they wither." Nest later built in the tree.

In the sunken shaft the digger wasp will lay her eggs
you know,
With the caterpillars paralyzed for food the young to
grow;
You can see the pebble in her jaws to make the job
complete,
As she beats the earth so smooth above—as builder she
is neat.

Men have tried by evolution to explain the World we
see,
From the microscopic protozoon to greatest men there
be.
There is order, law and beauty through the Universe
we're told,
But there's Grand Directing Agent who still rules the
Cosmic fold.

There are miracles in Nature and we see them every
day,
We have but to look around us and their glories they
display;
Could they be enumerated it would take a life-time,
too,
But to satisfy my purpose I have mentioned but a few.

But the miracle the greatest that's within the scope
of thought,
Is the man who thinks about it, whose salvation Christ
has bought;

From his very small beginning, that so small you cannot see,
His development the grandest, for he rules o'er land and sea.

As a helpless babe he enters without thought this earthly sphere;
His maturity the slowest as a preparation here;
With his dual nature conquers all the knowledge in his line,
And he leaves when life is ended for to dwell with the Divine.

Jan. 9, 1925.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

REMEMBER I as little child when I was free from school,
A welcome guest at country home, such was my Summer rule;
It then was my supreme delight to visit on the farm,
To breathe the ozone of the pines to keep my health from harm.

I used to play with boys and girls who shared with me their fun,
And happy were the hours spent from morn till setting sun.

The golden waves of ripened grain seemed like the
sunlit seas,
As back and forth they rose and fell as billows with
the breeze.

The parents were so good to me, the children were so
kind,
That when the Summer came again such pleasure filled
my mind,
And I would leave the city streets to revel in the glens,
To climb the hills, go through the woods and watch the
busy hens.

As children grew to man's estate, to women dark and
fair,
They journeyed far to see sweethearts and lovers met
them there.
The friendships formed soon grew to love as anyone
could trace,
And happy were the evenings spent in such romantic
place.

Through long and winding lane they drive through
avenue of trees,
In Summer's shade and Winter's snows, and with the
vernal breeze,
Upon a hillock catch a glimpse of home amidst the
leaves,
Surrounded by the birch and fir, as Cupid's web he
weaves.

The girls leave one by one the farm to grace another
home ;
Each lives the life that others lived beneath her hus-
band's dome ;
And one by one the boys I see drive down the wind-
ing lane,
To make their homes so far away, who never come
again.

From time to time the daughters come to grace the
fireside,
To greet their parents once again and with them to
abide ;
With husbands true, they bring anew the love their
souls possessed,
And as the homestead leave again by parents they are
blessed.

With passing years the scene is changed ; the home-
stead still remains,
The house is standing, still the trees, still straight and
winding lanes,
The flocks are grazing in the fields and growing is the
grain,
Still shines the sun and blows the wind, and still
descends the rain.

But mother lies on couch of pain, a sufferer for years,
While father's face is lined with care, and filled his
eyes with tears ;
The nurse is giving gentle care, the doctor does his
best,

The daughters are distressed with fears and watch her
heaving breast.

The pulse is small and quick its beat, her breath is
coming fast;

They think of happy days they had, but such is in the
past;

The house so full of gayety not many years ago,
Is now a place of gloom instead, and bitter is their woe.

With fevered brain, intenser pain, her mind does wan-
der now;

She seems to see celestial things as smooth becomes her
brow,

And "Jesus" is the name she speaks as if she sees her
Lord,

Then still becomes her fevered frame—she'd uttered
her last word.

Some five and twenty years before she came a blushing
bride,

Just five and twenty years she stayed right to the
day she died;

The homestead old is not the same when mother goes
away;

A vacant chair and vacant hearts is price her loved
ones pay.

The woodlark's song may still be heard, the song she
loved so well;

The violets may still be seen in meadow, woods and
dell;

The oriole still builds her nest within the same old tree
She's built her nest for many years, where she was
always free.

The father leaves within a year to join his spouse
above,
To say farewell with joy, not fear, to go to Home of
Love,
While children bow their heads with grief for him
they see no more;
But do the birds refuse to sing, the rose no perfume
pour?

Though lilies bloom and thrushes sing their song of
sweet content,
Though rabbits jump and otters play, slide down
with merriment,
The homestead seems a vacant place since father
passed away;
Though brightly shines the sun and warm, to night is
turned the day.

The wind still whistles through the trees, the flocks
return at night,
The same as many years before when home seemed
filled with light;
The robin sings at early morn to tell the world his
joys;
The woods are filled with music sweet as when the
sons were boys.

But should the sons return again no welcome will receive,
Though round their hearts and in their souls sad recollections weave;
For strangers occupy the home where happy days were passed;
No smiling face to greet them now as when they saw it last.

Still in a spot not far away, the dearest on this Earth,
Two graves would see beneath rose tree, remains of Love's true worth;
Above their heads the pansies grow, keep nodding in the breeze,
In harmony with orchids white and with the flowering peas.

Your home may be on city street or on a lonely farm,
Where you have spent your childhood days and found that home a charm;
It may be in a cottage bright or in a palace fair;
The old homestead is not the same if mother is not there.

Jan. 22, 1925.

THE CONSTANCY OF MOTION

THE mighty orbs of heaven still pursue their onward way;
The atoms in the molecule in constant motion sway;
The earth swings in her orbit and the moon goes rolling on;

Electrons in the atom will not cease from dawn to
dawn.

By radio your voice is heard ten thousand miles away,
In music and in speaking, clear, by night as well as
day;

On wave-lengths of the aether, from one hundred
metres long

To twenty-thousand metres, it will carry your sweet
song.

Some day perhaps the Martians will sweet earthly
music hear,

Or those who dwell on Venus soon may welcome
earthly cheer;

They may not know our language at some fifty million
miles,

But music is a language plain in which there are no
styles.

Ten million atoms side by side one millimetre make;
Of atom-wide electrons it will fifty thousand take;
Subject to law and order all, electrons as the sun;
An universe the atom makes—electron race is run.

Of pure electrons place two spheres, each centimetre
wide,

One centimetre distant, you will find them not collide;
But they with force prodigious each other will repel;
Three hundred trillion trillion tons these forces will
compel.

Delays are not in Nature, for no schedule time is lost;
The Earth comes to her station true without a second's
cost;

The schedule of electrons is in farthest star the same
As found in sun and planets that are called by solar
name.

Rest-strahlen waves from Sylvite, full sixty microns
in length,

To infra red, three-fourths of one, in heat do show
their strength;

And then the waves do overlap as shown in heat and
light;

The length and number of these waves affect the skin
and sight.

More than hundred six and eighty of thousands
miles per swing

Of pendulum of mother's clock, the light does take
her wing:

The light waves of the aether still are very short
indeed;

So great, though, is the frequency,—she travels with
such speed.

Less than thirty thousand wave-lengths to sixty
thousand, too,

Are necessary for an inch from red to royal blue;

The Schumann waves are shorter and more frequent,
too, their state;

Three hundred trillion waves per beat affect the photo
plate.

More frequent still are X-rays found by many times
again;

They penetrate the body and do make the organs plain,
Diseases that are most obscure they help to diagnose,
And thus an aid to doctors are to overcome their foes.

The gamma rays of radium are shortest of them all,—
Almost three million trillion waves per clock tick in
the hall;

One hundred million wave-lengths do one millimetre
make;

One gram of them in energy a ton of coal would take.*

Some waves are not discovered yet, effect is not yet
known,

But time will also make these clear as Science claims
her own.

There is no waste in matter, nor in energy or time,
In none of these does death take place—they're always
in their prime.

For all these waves if rightly used do benefit the Man;
These wonderful discoveries were the Eternal Plan;
Thus Science tells you what they are, but does not tell
you why,—

Methinks the reason you will find beyond the deep blue
sky.

The distant stars that now you see so faint, that
twinkle so,

Are mighty suns, and greater far than lights this
Earth below:

*Burning for 2500 years.

They send their feeble rays to us down from the mid-
night sky;
With millions more upon this globe, their light does
reach your eye.

Light travels fast and travels far, and still it travels
on:
The light you see from distant star left long before the
dawn;
For days and weeks, for months and years, for cen-
turies it flies;
We see the star as it appeared when Solomon was
wise.

All Nature is in motion and shall never be at rest,
Such has been through the ages, for it seemed to be the
best;
Electron to the Cosmic whole this truth does Nature
tell,
And proves to all the nations now that God does all
things well.

The balancing of power that's within the molecule
Is wonderful and constant, for it follows law and rule;
But should the molecules break up, this world would
chaos be;
The end of Life, the end of Time, Omnipotence would
see.

NOTE:—I have tried to follow latest scientific knowledge as
closely as possible in above poem.—G. T. B.

THE SEARCH FOR HEAVEN

WITH scientific mind I searched for heaven, far or
near,

And with such thought quite uppermost, I left this
Earthly Sphere;

No gravity impedes my flight as through the air I go;
No chilling winds to hinder me to rise above the snow.

I do not feel the cold of space, nor lack of pressure
feel;

Immune am I to Nature's harms as upwards I do steal;
No limit to the time I take in following my quest;
No hindrance to the speed I make to seek Eternal Rest.

When thousand feet above the Earth I hear the engine
scream,

And see below, like skiff of snow, it belching forth its
steam;

While from the park the canine bark comes piercing
through the air,

As he protects his master's home from enemies who
dare.

Two hundred forty thousand miles I pass to nearest
orb,

A satellite of Mother Earth who gives her nightly
garb;

A dreary waste does meet my view from mountain,
valley, plain;

No sign of life does greet mine eye—no city, town or
lane.

Some six and twenty million miles before I stop again,
Then see the morn and evening star where hope seems
not in vain;

No sunlight pierces through the clouds to see the
planet's face,

So it to me would be a shroud for all the human race.

Another forty million miles before I call a halt,
And Mercury looms up to view in journey without
fault:

One side is always toward the sun with heat that's
most intense;

The other faces cold of space, receives no heat from
thence.

Still six and thirty million miles comes source of heat
and light,

Five-sixths of million miles across of furnace in his
might;

The flames of incandescent gas leap thousands miles
on high:

I could not live on such a globe, and there I would not
die.

But as the journey I pursue I meet the god of war,

Oases and the channels see in planet very hoar;

The people strive to husband heat, with care the water
use,

Or else they would with Nature fight and soon their
lives would lose.

Four hundred million miles from Earth the greatest
world of all,

Encircled by her satellites, I glimpse her shining ball;
Though thirteen hundred times the size of globe on
 which we tread,
She is so hot, tumultuous, that life from her has fled.

At twice this distance comes to view a gem most
 beautiful,
A ringèd planet with ten moons, none are more won-
 derful;
But still her heat is too intense for life to prosper
 there:
Methinks the future holds for her a paradise most fair.

A billion miles I have to leap Uranus' face to see,
Surrounded by her clouds of gas in ceaseless energy;
The heat too great for Man's abode I cannot tarry
 here,
But must continue on my way to seek another sphere.

Another step of billion miles to solar frontier run;
One hundred five and sixty years her course around
 the sun:
This planet, not by telescope, by mathematics found;
She also is a heated globe where energies abound.

I travel with the speed of light to meet the second sun;
Some two and fifty months have passed since journey
 was begun;
Two flaming orbs I see again as large as is our own,
With planets quite unfit for man where life is still
 unknown.

But still I must pursue my quest so Sirius do view,
At distance from a fainter star of billion miles but
two;
Though each is larger than our sun, companion's not
so bright;
No rest can find in either one—both shine by their own
light.

At million times the speed of light I hasten on my way,
See triple stars, sextuple suns, with planets in array,
The Milky Way and nebulae, all beauties to behold;
But none of them are fit for life, much less the Land
of Gold.

So home I come another way still other worlds to see,
For nothing must escape my sight if I would earnest
be;
No corner of the vast expanse of cosmos do I lose,
But nowhere in this greatest trip I find a world to
choose.

"Where have you been," my sister said, "to leave me
thus alone?"

"I have the grandest journey made in search of heav-
en's own;

"No planet, comet, nebula, no sun or Milky Way

"Throughout the Universe you see, but visit I did pay.

"But still my search was all in vain, so came to Earth
again,

"No world could find of happy mind where Heaven
could remain:

"There surely cannot be a world our Father calls His
Home,

"For I have searched quite earnestly that thence I
might not roam."

"Of course your search would be in vain if you would
Heaven see;

"You need a Guide to lead you there should you suc-
cessful be;

"The Path of Faith is shortest way, will not lead you
astray;

"I followed it through all my life, the straight and
narrow way."

I saw the hectic flush on cheek, the gasping of her
breath,

The weakness that was worse than pain which warned
me of her death,

The bluing lips, the dusky skin and glazing of her
eyes,

Contortions of her face and lips—her flight beyond
the skies.

And so I see the path to Home is rugged, painful,
bare;

Along this road we have to go if we would heaven
share:

But oh! the joy and what delight our eyes will then
behold!

When earthly journey comes to end we reach the
shining Fold.

[113]

If loving friends have gone away to distant climes
from you,
Or if you leave them all at home, adventure to pursue,
And later then in many years you meet them face to
face,
How bright the sparkling eye and tear bespeaking
human grace!

But when departure is so sad as Death the angel brings,
For many years of life alone from which your joy
takes wings,
Then when inside the Pearly Gate you meet your
friends once more,
Will that to you not heaven be, such pleasure all in
store?

The emblem of this blest abode is crimson, white and
gold,
For Christ shed forth on Calvary his blood in days of
old;
By sacrifice He made us white who trusted in His
name,
And gives to all a golden home who share with Him
his shame.

I hear the invitation of the Spirit and the bride;
My sister heard the word so plain of "welcome" ere
she died;
The living water freely flows for all to drink who
will,
For He will give the thirsty ones the living water still.

The streets of gold the angels tread will also be our
own,
And we shall see the saints of old who gather round
the Throne;
With children who have gone before, with parents,
husbands, wives,
Our eyes so bright, but not with tears, will meet a
grand surprise.

No lines of care will there be seen, no sorrow, death
or pain;
The former things will pass away, but Life will still
remain;
For He who sits upon the Throne will make all things
anew,
And such is written for our good, so faithful and so
true!

There is no sun to lighten it, no moon to shine by
night,
For God Himself does brighten it and gives Eternal
Light.
No darkness reaches this abode—the Lamb Himself
is here,
And by His very presence makes this paradise appear.
Upon their Thrones of white They sit with elders
seated round,
While hundred million angels sing their chorus quite
profound:
The volume of their voices rise in accents pure as dew,
In praises of the Great I Am, of Him who died for
you.

The martyred host will all be here with rapturous
acclaim,
Sing blessing, honour, glory, strength unto the Holy
Name.

I may not get quite near the Throne, I may be near the
gate,
But in the arms of friends I own, if I am not too late.

And, with a garment down to feet, the Son of Man
I'll see,
With golden girdle round the breasts that speaks
authority;
His head and hair as white as snow, His eyes as flames
of fire,
His countenance as bright as sun, the acme of desire.

The river pure from crystal spring proceeding from
the Throne,
Which gives its strength to tree of life we'll claim as
for our own;
And in some shady grove we'll sit where parting is no
more,
Converse with friends who meet us there of joys for
evermore.

With scientific mind I searched for heaven all in vain;
But when upon the Path of Faith I heard the heavenly
strain;

Angelic voices seemed to come upon the midnight air,
And then I knew I had a home in Paradise most fair.

March 3, 1925.

* * *

Final quatrain added by G. T. Bailey, to: "Oh! hearts that are broken, oh! mothers that weep;" etc.

But then he may meet her beyond the blue dome,
And find her at rest in her heavenly home,
If he'll worship Jesus and make Him his choice;
How blest the reunion! and he will rejoice.

FEATHERS

A PRIEST at church confessions heard when Pat
Malone walked in,
Not perfect Pat, he knew full well, so came to tell of
sin;
No better was he than his friends and yet no worse
was he,
So to the priest he told his wrongs to have his con-
science free.

Now Pat was quite an honest soul, no sin he tried to
hide,
Would tell to priest his sins the whole, thus faithful to
abide;
But Patrick's tongue was long and loose, so he must
then confess
That he had talked of neighbors true, and with great
cheerfulness.

The father gave advice to Pat that was both good and
wise,
And told him he should mend his ways to reach fair
paradise:

A sack of feathers he must take and pile upon the
ground,
And to confession come next day to see what priest
had found.

Then Patrick, true to trust, obeyed and filled quite
full the sack,
And with a cheerful heart returned to tell that he was
back.
The father complimented Pat for duty well begun,
And gave him other work to do as fit for any son.

"Now go to place you emptied sack, all feathers
gather well,
"Leave not a feather on the ground for any one to
tell,
"But put them in the sack again till full as was before,
"Then come to me and you will see of blessings many
more."

"Why! that is quite impossible," our Patrick made
reply;
"The feathers now are scattered far beneath the deep
blue sky;
"I could not find a single one to save my living soul;
"They may be in the deepest vale or on the distant
knoll."

"A feather is as idle word which you cannot recall;
"It floats upon the nightly air, it floats from room to
hall;

"It cuts and pricks and still it sticks, no smaller does
become,

"Will make a saint a demon seem when idle words do
hum.

"So let this be a lesson, Pat, when loose becomes your
tongue,

"That if you cannot keep it still, but words from it are
flung,

"Let kindly words fly thick and fast, speak well of
every one,

"For perfect is not man or beast till earthly race is
run."

So Pat went home a wiser man and held his tongue in
check,

No story now would he repeat that made of life a
wreck;

He tried to see the best in men, spoke of them only
good,

In neighbors saw his brother-men who claim one
Fatherhood.

The beam in Patrick's eye was large before this lesson
learned,

But quickly it had disappeared when from old ways
he turned;

The motes had gone from other eyes when clearer
vision came,

When virtues in his brother found instead of tarnished
name.

No scornful look on Patrick's face, no whispered word
 had he
When friend or enemy had passed, that anyone could
 see;
No slander now escapes his lips, no evil thought is
 heard,
No letters that he now sends out contain a hateful
 word.

A feather is a heedless thing that has no aim in sight;
It never goes against the wind, but with it in its flight,
Now up and down, then right and left it's tossed upon
 the air,
Now flying high, then sailing low, without a single
 care.

But try to catch it if you will, see it elude your grasp,
At times so very slowly goes, at others very fast;
You run to seize it, back it comes and swirls around
 your head,
Then off it flies with gust of wind and quite from
 you has fled.

So seize a rumor if you can, result is just the same;
It whirls to either side of street, it swirls about your
 name;
And no one knows whence rumor came, but still it
 will not die,
Perhaps it smirches your fair name, no cause to justify.

Whene'er you hear a friend defamed, or e'en a
 stranger, too,

Just say the very one concerned must hear the same
from you,
That none should talk behind one's back but tell him
face to face,
For then he can defend himself from rumors very
base.

Or ask informant if he will repeat the same to him;
The one concerned should not object to truth, though
very grim;
An explanation may be plain and set the matter right,
And you may find the slandered one appear in different
light.

The scattered feathers are the cause of wars, of hate
and strife;
Suspicion and distrust arise, deceit is very rife.
The evil tale may cause a wail, to gossip does no good;
But o'er a life may cast a gloom or cause an angry
mood.

But feathers on a lovely bird will help him in his flight;
From Winter's snows he spreads his wings to southern
skies so bright;
Returns he to his northern home when Summer comes
again,
And by their aid retains his heat and may great heights
attain.

The idle words are wrongly placed as feathers are
the same;
They may be used in praise of men, more often used in
blame;

They may be filled with kindness and with a warming
grace,
Instead of chill sent to the heart may find their proper
place.

The words you speak may send a soul down to the
lowest hell,
May crush his very highest hopes and sound their
parting knell;
Or they may lift his thoughts on wings, assist him to
the sky;
He will not travel quite alone, but may help you to fly.
March 12, 1925.

Psalm 15-3. Romans 1-30. II Corinthians 12-20.

PLEASURE

If you rise on Sunday morning when the sun so bright-
ly shines,
Do you think of pleasure only, to the woods take all
your wines,
With a hamper filled with good things till your auto
holds no more,
And set out upon your journey for the distant river
shore?

You are tired with the worry and the labor of the
week,
So to rest your weary body for a nice retreat you seek,
With a phonograph to cheer you in the shadow of the
pine,
And the gentle breezes blowing, you are hungry when
you dine.

You may pluck the wayside daisies or the wild rose in
the bush,
And may hear the warbler singing, after which there
comes a hush;
Then you bathe your feet in water which is flowing
cool and free;
There seems now no need for heaven when from daily
toil you flee.

Soon the western sky is glowing with the golden setting
sun,
And you see the shadows length'ning when the day is
almost done;
Then the purplish clouds pass o'er you in their journey
toward the west,
When it's time to pack belongings and to seek your
nightly rest.

You have spent your day in sunshine, in the shade of
cooling air,
And the ozone of the forest takes from you all worldly
care,
Till the quite refreshing breezes makes blood tingle in
the veins,
And you feel that life has blessed you with the free-
dom from your chains.

When the Autumn days are short'ning and the nights
are long and cool,
Or the Wintry snows are chilling with the fireside the
rule,
Do you find your greatest pleasure in a friendly game
or two,

With some friends on Sunday evening who come in to
play with you?

In the balmy air of Spring-time, nature dresses in new
clothes,

When the buds begin to open and the insects fear their
foes;

Then the trees put forth new blossoms and are beau-
tiful in leaf;

At this time the fishing calls you, for of pleasures it's
the chief.

But when Summer skies are shining with the splen-
dours of the day,

And you see the flowers blooming, you must then be
on your way:

Dusty roads will not detain you, scarcely showers keep
you home,

As you seek for wholesome pleasures and to nature's
garden roam.

You are tired Autumn morning and cannot arise in
time,

To attend the churchly service and to hear the songs
sublime,

And the nights are far too chilly risking health outside
the door,

So at poker, whist or rummy you put up a dime or
more.

Then when Winter's skies are lowering and the wind
is howling loud,

And no moon or star is shining but are covered o'er
with cloud,
You have radio to soothe you with its music and its
cheer,
As you listen to a sermon or a concert far or near.

God would not deny you pleasure, Christ would not
deny you rest,
For you need some recreation when you are an out-
door guest,
May from lily hear good sermon near the shelter of
some bay,
As it tells of God who made it and such beauty does
display.

But the service of the churches has not bothered you at
all,
For your ears have heard the sermon preached from
Nature's out-door hall,
In the lapping of the waters on the shore at noon-tide
day;
And the singing of the song bird is to you a mystic lay.

Still the pastor in the pulpit is enveloped with his
thought;
He expounds the gospel truly and with native sin has
fought;
For he tells his congregation of the kind of lives to
lead,
As he seeks with earnest spirit for to plant the golden
seed.

And with voices trained to music all the choir, who are
wise,
Sing from heart the sweetest anthems of their future
paradise;
And there is no sweeter music to be heard upon this
Earth,
Than the old hymns and the old tunes which have told
of our new birth.

I am fond of classic music and have played it since a
child;
I have listened quite enraptured to its harmony so
mild;
But the music that most thrills me is the kind that lifts
the soul
To the glories of our Heaven, of the One who makes
us whole.

I'm acquainted with all pastors in the section where I
live;
They are all sincere as Christians and the gospel freely
give;
But encouragement from laymen by their presence and
support,
Is the least that we should give them—why not help
them hold the fort?

Are you storing up some pleasure for the Land beyond
the sun,
When this mortal coil doth leave you and the evening
day is done?

Have you heard the joyful tidings of the Life that
makes you free,
Where the bells are never tolling, purest joys for you
and me?

You are careful of your body, are you careful for your
soul?

For you know the spirit liveth when for you the death-
bells toll.

Were each second a millenium, when this earthly life
is past,

You would find life but beginning as you reach the
Port at last.

We are sailing on an ocean, and we've scarcely left
the shore

Ere the ship of life is rocky and our fears grow more
and more,

For the evil winds assail us with temptation day by
day,

And the harbor that's before us seems so very far
away.

So the Master hath appointed at the helm a pastor
true,

And his eyes are fixed on heaven as he sails this ship
with you,

An unerring light to guide him, it's the Bright and
Morning Star,

For with faith that's most enlightened he sees haven
from afar.

If you go to him in wheel-house he will tell you of
this Land,
Will expound to you its treasures and it's mysteries
so grand,
Tell of white-robed saints and angels who are crowd-
ing on the shore,
As they wait for weary travellers to their Home for
evermore.

And a mansion there awaits you if you're building
good and well,
For on Calvary the Saviour purchased you from
Satan's hell.
There your friends will gather round you when you
meet them near the Throne;
Is not this the greatest pleasure that to you could be
made known?

March 19, 1925.

GOOD NIGHT

If you think this book is worthy
To be read by man and child,
Your opinion pass on fairly,
Make your criticism mild.

For you know we are but mortal,
And we struggle for the Light;
But we hope to gain Life's Portal,
So I bid you all Good Night.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited
Printers and Bookbinders
Toronto

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